

Fifteen, World Starvation

I can add apples and oranges, but I can't grow a damn thing
I know the history of the whole world, but I can't seem to shape my own destiny
I know 86,000 words, but I can't express what I'm feeling
I could fly a rocket ship to the sun but that won't help me fix world starvation
If I could give away enough apples and oranges, maybe I could build a community
Maybe if I knew some real history, I could make myself free
Maybe if we made our own words, I could express what I'm feeling
Maybe if we stopped trying to fly to the sun
Maybe we could find god here inside of everyone